

NUMBER 312

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Being this hot definitely has its benefits, and so do my friends. When I asked my guys to come by to try something out they didn't sound so sure. As if I couldn't handle two cocks at once. When they finally showed up I was ready for them, and when I was done they were begging for more.



































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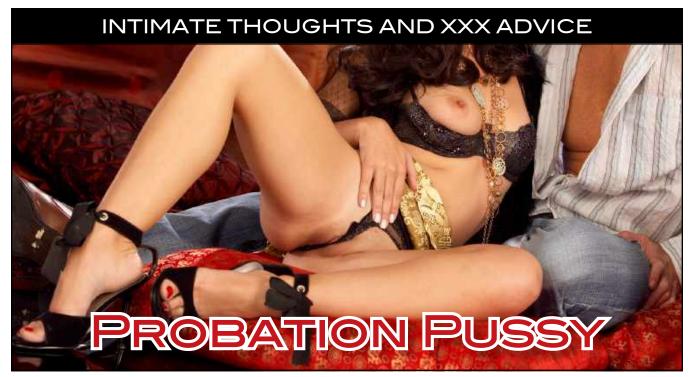












I had always been attracted to bad boys, provided they weren't too bad.

"Size ten," I said to the male customer. "Let me take a look."

Vacating the showroom floor, I ducked into the stockroom to retrieve a pair of running shoes, hoping like hell that we had his preferred model in the appropriate size.

I desperately needed to make a sale.

We worked on commission here, and I had had a lousy shift, selling just one pair of sneakers in seven hours. My hourly rate was scarcely above the minimum wage, so I depended on sales for my livelihood. If things didn't pick up soon I wouldn't even be able to pay my rent at the first of the month.

The customer was fiercely loyal to his brand; he had made it abundantly clear that he would accept no substitutes. I peered at the shelves with baited breath, studying our inventory with mounting desperation.

"Yes!"

I pumped my fist in victory. Premature, perhaps, but I just couldn't suppress my excitement. One pair left, and it just happened to be in his size! I plucked the box from the shelf and returned to the store proper with much haste.

The customer, a cute guy with a buzz cut, had already seated himself on one of several benches arranged for this purpose. I knelt before him and laced the shoes, a rather arduous task as I found it increasingly difficult to focus on my work.

He really was a great looking guy: tall, tan, fit. His running shorts granted me an unfettered view of lean, muscular legs.

And the black gizmo wrapped around his ankle...

I remained in a kneeling position as he gave the new shoes a test ride. He walked around the store, back and forth, making sure that they fit properly. He had a great ass. My mind wandered, entertaining thoughts of—

"They feel great." He nodded, smiled. "I'll take them."

"Super," I said. "Excellent choice."

I knew what that black gizmo meant. He was on house arrest, probably wasn't even supposed to be here at the store. He might've been taking a big risk, venturing out into the world to buy a pair of shoes.

Of course it was none of my business. Still, I couldn't help but ponder his plight. What exactly had he done to receive such a sentence? He certainly didn't look like a criminal; at least not one of the violent variety.

I had always been attracted to bad boys, provided they weren't too bad. This guy seemed to qualify. Otherwise, he would've been behind bars.

Drug offense?

DNI5

Curiosity piqued, I met him at the register.

"So," I said, ringing up his purchase, "how much you running these days?"

"Not as much as I'd like."

"I have the same problem. It can be hard to find time." $\ensuremath{\text{I}}$

"That's not the issue. Hell, I have plenty of time. Too damned much."

I bet you do, I thought, dying to know more, dying to hear the juicy details of his crime, the ins and outs of being monitored by a probation officer.

"Would you like a bag?" I asked.

"No thanks," he said, "just your phone number..."

"I thought this day would never end," said my manager, unzipping his khakis and freeing his cock.

Oral sex was fine, but penetration was out of the

question. Fucking, according to him, qualified as bona fide cheating. And he didn't want to cheat on his wife. Of course getting his knob polished was an entirely different matter; as was eating my pussy.

I didn't understand his skewed logic, didn't agree with it, but had stopped complaining weeks ago when I realized that he wouldn't budge. He was, in his own bizarre way, a man of principle.

The store was closed, lights dimmed, door locked.

Everybody had gone home.

It was just the two of us.

My manager stood there in the stock room, leaning against a wall as I knelt before him. I took his cock in my hand, massaging him, stroking up and down, getting him ready for my mouth. His rod swelled in my palm, the skin becoming tighter and tighter. Still stroking him, I serviced his balls, nibbling and sucking them while upping the pace of my hand. He moaned and groaned his appreciation.

He gasped when I finally devoured him. Lips clenched around his prick, I moved my head back and forth, shellacking him good and proper. Strangely enough, it was a rather bittersweet experience.

As an unabashed cum slut, I loved giving him head. Still, I longed to have his dick in my pussy. Each and every time that we met like this, I couldn't help but lament the wasted opportunity.

Now, sliding my tongue up the underside of his shaft, doing this ever so slowly, just the way he liked it, I found myself more desirous of his cock than ever, wanting it thrusting in and out of me like a piston.

Maybe, I reasoned, he'll come around.

Perhaps all he needed was a little coaxing.

I stood, wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, shucked my running shorts (all the salesgirls wore them), then peeled my cotton panties. There was a bench in the stock room, the same kind used by customers when trying on shoes; I straddled the bench, just like I had done countless times before, and leaned back. Then I spread my legs, giving my manager an eyeful of shaved pussy.

"Fuck me. You know you want to..."

He towered over me, tugging his cock as I rubbed my cunt.

"I can't, baby. You know this."

"My tight pussy would feel soooooo good..."

He started to go down on me, moving his head between my legs. My frustration reached its zenith, surfacing like a missile fired from the depths of the ocean.

I pushed him away and sat up.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "You love it when I eat

your—"

"Yeah, I love it. But I love other things, too."

He sighed wearily. "We've already talked about this."

"And I want to talk about it again."

"Fucking is cheating," my manager said. "At least in my book."

It was hopeless. He wasn't going to change his



mind.

"Well," I said, "your book fucking sucks."

I started getting dressed.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Home," I said, "to my dildo."

I slid behind the wheel and keyed the ignition, wheeling out of the strip mall parking lot at a high rate of speed.

My manager was some piece of work!

Still, a part of me regretted blowing up like that. After all, he could fire me if he wanted. Then again, maybe I would be better off working somewhere else. I really needed to get away from him, go ply my trade somewhere else.

All of the time I had wasted with that guy was time lost, time I could've spent with a man more than willing to screw my brains out.

I stopped at a red light.

And that's when my phone rang.

I didn't recognize the number. Surely, I thought, he

wouldn't call so soon. But I had to know.

"Hello?" I spoke into the phone.

"Hey," he said, "it's me. The house arrest guy."

I played dumb. "House arrest?"

"Don't play dumb with me. You had to have seen the ankle monitor."

He had me there.

"Yeah, I saw it."

"For the record," he said, "I didn't kill anybody."

"That's a relief," I muttered.

I drove to my apartment, took a quick shower, and headed to his place, stopping en route to pick up some beer and a bottle of wine.



Hands clutching the wheel, I navigated the city streets with a disorienting mix of excitement and apprehension. I was looking forward to spending time with a cool guy, sure; but I was also concerned about my safety.

After all, he was a complete stranger.

And no stranger to the police.

I didn't kill anybody, he had said on the phone. Great, I reasoned. His admission hardly meant that he was a boy scout. There were plenty of other unsavory things he could've done to account for the ankle monitor, dark and devious things which I tried to push out of my mind

He lived in an older house that had been converted into four apartments. The neighborhood wasn't the best, but far from the worst.

I felt relatively safe parking on the street. I entered a shabby vestibule, eyeing four mailboxes affixed to a wall in dire need of fresh paint. The names on the mailboxes meant nothing to me as he had failed to tell me his. Toting the booze, I reached the second floor and knocked, per his instructions, on the door to my left, #3. I heard footsteps within his place. The door swung inward.

He greeted me with a warm smile. "You actually came."

"And you actually called."

"I'm a man of my word," he said. "Please, come in."

His place was small, Spartan, yet clean. I proffered the beer. He plucked a bottle from the six-pack, stowing the others in the fridge. I tried to pour my own glass of wine, but he wouldn't have it, insisting on serving me like

an attentive waiter.

We sat on what was clearly a secondhand sofa. Conversation flowed nicely. The beer and wine helped. Even so, there was a colossal elephant in the room.

Finally he extended a leg, gesturing at the monitor wrapped around his ankle. "I suppose you want to know about this?"

"Well," I said, "the thought had crossed my mind."

"Of course."

I took a hit of wine, bracing myself for his admission.

"So what did you do?" I asked.

"I stole a book," he said.

"Shoplifting, huh?"

"Yeah."

He elaborated without my prompting, sharing a rather interesting tale. He was a writer who had recently gotten a short story published in an anthology. Unfortunately the publisher couldn't, or wouldn't, provide him with a contributor copy. Highly insulted, and refusing to shell out his own money for the book, he

had paid a visit to the local independent bookstore and proceeded to steal a copy.

"I guess I'm not a very good thief. They nabbed me before I even got to the door."

"That sucks," I said.

"Tell me about it."

"So you don't even have a copy of the book?"

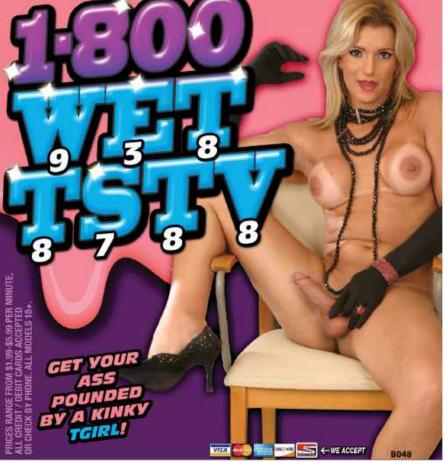
"No." He took a hefty pull of beer. "Oh, I could order one. The thing only costs twelve bucks. It's the principle of the thing. Hell, it's the least they could do. Theirs is a non-paying market. I didn't make a dime from that story. And that's fine. I knew that up front when I submitted the piece. Still, one expects a lousy contributor copy."

"Sure."

We lapsed into silence. I felt bad for the guy. And, had I been in his position, I probably would've done the same thing. I admired his gumption. This made him even more attractive. He was creative, bold, and not afraid to take risks.







"But enough about me," my host broke the silence.
"Tell me about your—"

I kissed him, smothering his lips with my own. He responded favorably, probing my mouth with his hot tongue. No more talking. He had invited me here for a reason. And I had accepted his invitation for that very same reason.

Now it was time to make it happen.

He was still sporting the shorts he had worn at the shoe store. I peeled them from his legs, ditto with his boxers.

His cock was already hard, its flared cap pointing at the ceiling. I took him in my mouth, savoring the taste of his turgid flesh. I moved my head up and down, moaning, sucking him with zeal. He was bigger than my manager, longer and thicker.

It wasn't long before I stood and undressed, stripping seductively for his enjoyment. He stayed put on the sofa, stroking his cock as my clothing, item after item, collected on the floor.

I cupped my tits, kneading and caressing, pinching each pert nipple. Then I ran a hand down my taut stomach, lower and lower, all the way to my pussy. I was wet, my body eager for a thorough reaming.

"Get over here," he said, still stroking, "and ride this cock."

"I thought you'd never ask." I granted his wish hastily...

Straddling him reverse-cowgirl style, I parted my juicy lips with both hands and lowered myself. He held the base of his prick, guiding it inside my tight, slippery groove.

I worked my hips, gyrating and bucking, relishing the ride. He joined me, thrusting with my movements. We established a wondrous rhythm, filling his small apartment with grunts and groans of the utmost pleasure.

He reached around and fondled my tits, digging his fingers into my firm flesh, strumming my nipples expertly.

I upped my pace, bucking faster and faster. Intent on reaching the pinnacle of sensuous enjoyment, I dropped a hand to my clit, rubbing my swollen bud while riding his cock.

This went on for some time, the two us locked together and working in tandem to achieve our respective releases.

I was close.

And he was, too.

Sensing this, I dismounted and knelt before him. I licked his glistening cock, loving the taste of my pussy on him.

"My balls," he remarked breathily, "suck my balls..."
I did just that, feasting on his nuts while clenching

his prick with my hand. I tugged with intent, stroking up and down, all the while servicing his balls with my lips and tongue. I used my free hand for another purpose, lowering it between my legs to play with my wet pussy. I fingered myself faster and faster and—

My dam broke, releasing a torrent of boundless pleasure throughout my body; this a fraction of a second before he erupted in my hand. Thick gobbets of spunk jetted from his cock, one after another, each accompanied by a masculine grunt.

Before heading home I finally got around to asking him about his trip to the shoe store. "How could you do that? Isn't that against the rules? Leaving home like that?"

"Sure it is. But I had special permission from my pro-



bation officer. She knows how important running is to me. And my old shoes were shot to shit."

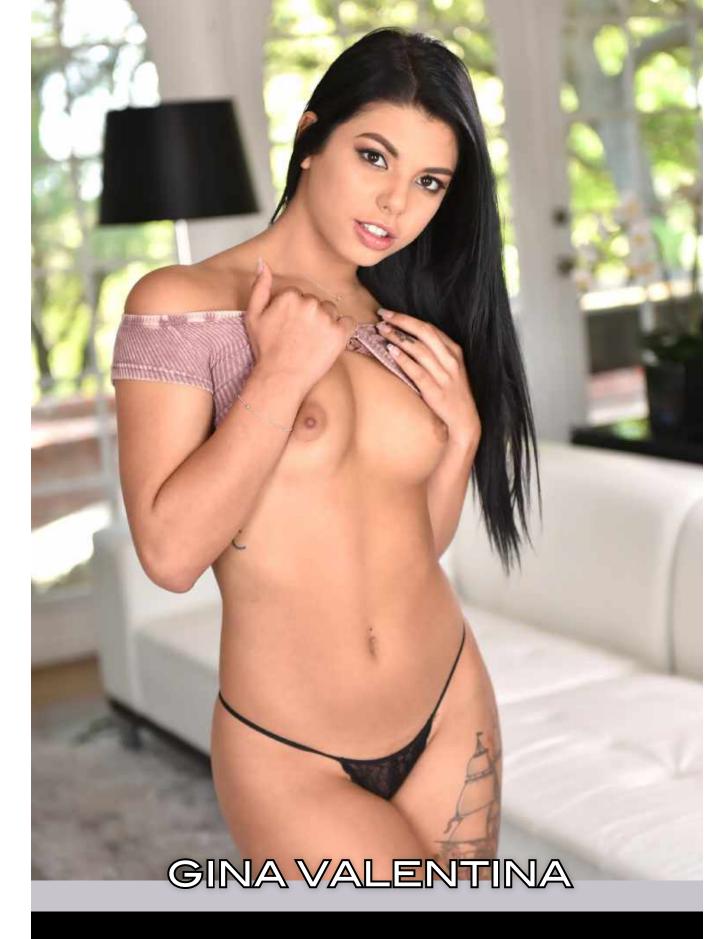
The expression on my face must've betrayed much confusion. How in the hell does a guy on house arrest go runnina?

"Oh," he said, "I don't run through the neighborhood. My downstairs neighbor has a treadmill. She lets me use it whenever I want."

"Nice neighbor."

It took some poking and prodding on my part, but he finally came clean. His neighbor and probation officer, he confessed, were one and the same.

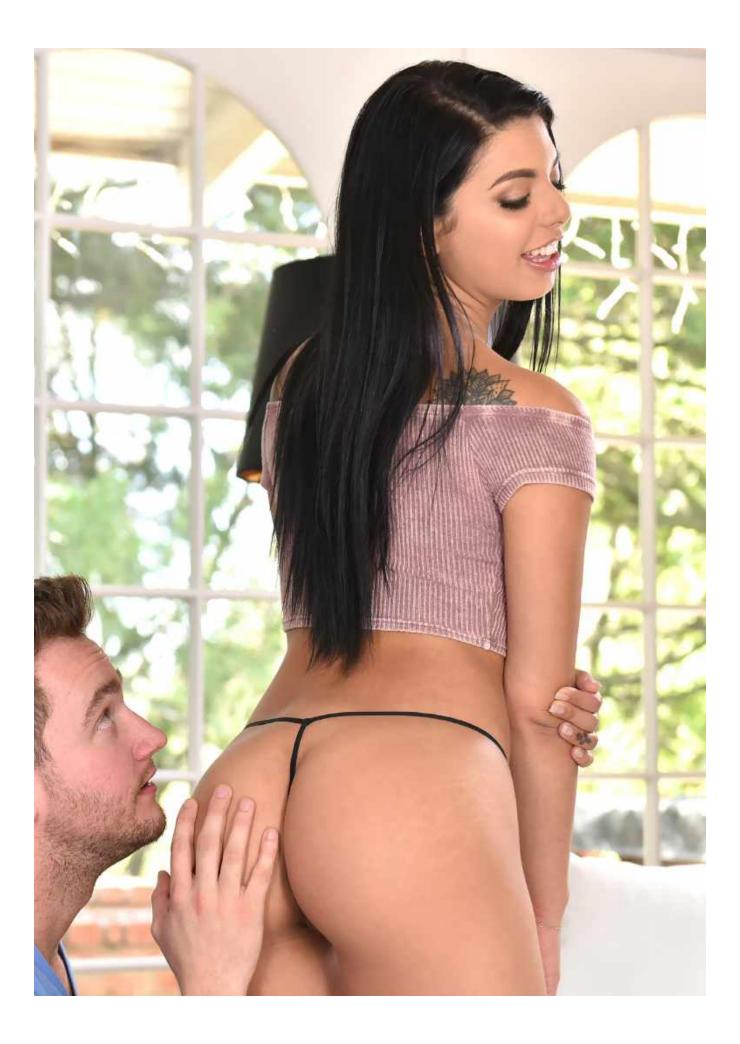
And he was fucking her in exchange for treadmill privileges!



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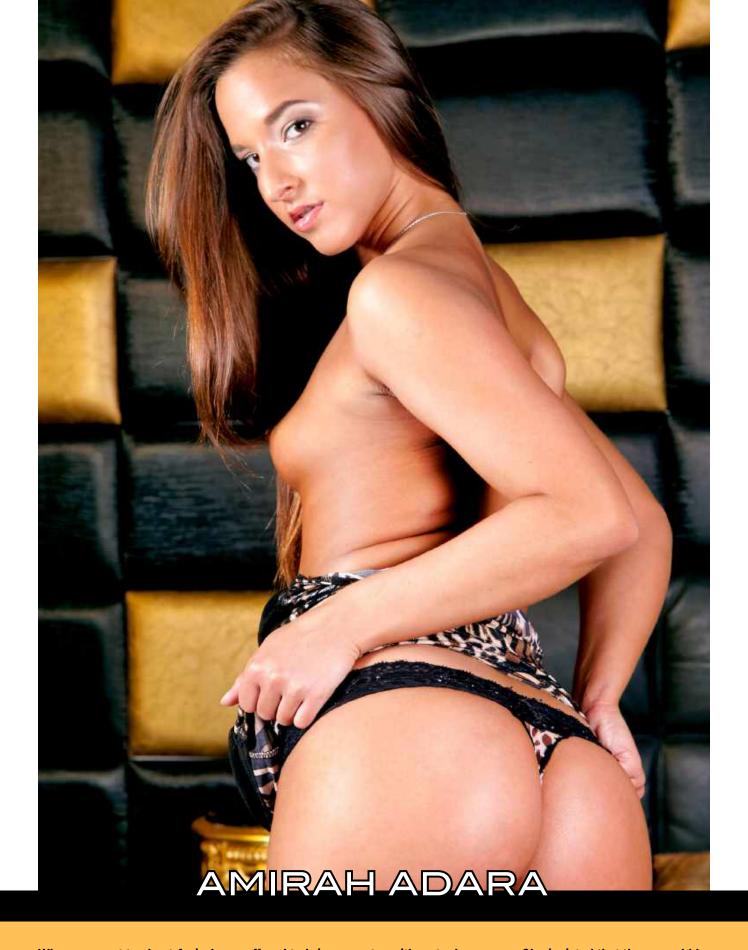












When we went to shoot Amirah, we offered to bring an actor with us to do a scene. She insisted that there would be more to see and it'd be easier to see without one. With dildo in hand she was raring to go, and when she got started we realized how wrong we were. A few pant tents were pitched as her body turned and twisted with sexual delight.













LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters that should or shouldn't have been written, but you sent them to us anyway!

THE JOY OF JERKING OFF

I read an article on masturbation ("How to Have Handy-Y: Some Great Ideas When You're Taking Pleasure into Your Own Hands") in one of my Human Sexuality classes at college. It has some interesting information but is not complete in recounting how the cum can be delayed to give the best and longest pleasure.

A word about me: I am 32 years old and have been jerking off regularly for many, many years. I have slowed up recently, but for most of the time, I have pulled off approximately 300 times per year and estimate I have seen my cum spurt about 3,000 times. This is in addition to fucking and having my cock sucked.

Early on, I realized that technique was of supreme importance—and delaying my cum so as to enjoy the superb feeling for as long as possible.

I have always been very hot and into all, or most, kinds of sex, but I preferred playing with my own prick to anything else.

One of my favorite techniques was to stand naked in front of a full-length mirror after I had played with my cock looking at porn pictures. I would slowly pull my cock up hard and shift to various positions to better see my foreskin sliding back and forth and getting lobster red. If I timed it right I could get my cock to stand up near my body-the big cherry head curved

in near my belly. God, how I loved to see it. After stop-and-go and various speeds, I would feel the cum surge in my balls. Then I'd pull it and jack it and shoot my big cum load on the mirror.

I was jacking off a number of years before I discovered the "delay" technique. I would get an adult magazine and sit naked looking at it while drinking or smoking (or both).

I would slowly play my cock and when it was hard, play it lightly. After a while, a particularly hot pussy pix would make my jacking more insistent and I would stand and admire the

cock that I loved in the mirror-now a throbbing seven inches.

Then I would light a joint and have a glass of wine or a beer. The few seconds that this consumed would make my cock recede a bit. I would resume playing around the head and foreskin while I played and tickled my balls and scrotum. I would gradually get my fist in a tight grip on my cock and slowly jack the foreskin up and down.

I repeated this when I felt close to coming-several times—and at last when my cock would not be denied, I shot my big load. Many guys realize, as I do, that the advantage of jerking off is that your



cock is not "buried" as it is in fucking or being sucked, but rather in your hand so that you see the action. Also, you alone decide when to go off.

- Name Withheld, Stockton, CA

DINNER AND A FUCK

Stan, my current husband, and I have been together for almost five years, happily married, no kids, and for the first few of those years of marriage enjoyed some fairly conventional sex. During the last year we talked more and more freely about it and realized that we both had fantasies that we weren't sharing with each other.













We made a pact that we would make an effort to help each other fulfill some of them. We'd start out safe at first, and if that went well, we'd ramp up the excitement level and make our love lives more interesting and fulfilling.

The other night we went out to dinner at a nice Italian restaurant. Before that, Stan asked, then politely demanded, that I put on a short, tight skirt, boots and a sweater. The sweater was the type that most women would wear with a cami or undershirt. It gets cold in Nebraska in November, but the air was refreshing on my bare nipples that were poking through the holes in the sweater.

We warmed up at the restaurant and enjoyed our dinner, but about half way through our meal I saw his face change. He looked at me like he wanted me. no needed me; it's the look that makes my stomach tighten up with anticipation. He told me to flash him right there at the table. We were in the back of the restaurant but it wasn't that big. The bar area was opposite me and as I lifted my sweater, the bartender definitely saw me do it but I didn't see if anyone else had. The guy smiled at me.

Momentarily, I felt like a slut, but looking into his eyes, I didn't care. His look told me that I was his slut, and he wanted people to know it. He told me to do it again, but he also wanted me to pinch my nipples so they were harder. As I found them through the holes in the sweater, I noticed our waitress saw me doing it as she was bringing us the check.

She was a cute brunette with big brown eyes and a big, round ass just like mine. Stan likes big asses and said that was one reason he married me. I found myself attracted to the waitress and stroked my nipples while holding her gaze.

If she didn't look scared, I was going to invite her home with us. When she handed my husband the bill, she avoided looking directly at me. Clearly she was uncomfortable, and probably not

open to the idea. My husband paid for the meal, and he was clearly ready to go. When we stood up, I went to adjust my skirt, and he asked me to stop.

We walked out of the restaurant with my skirt riding up high enough to see the bottom of my butt cheeks and my nipples were still hard and pushing through my sweater. I love when he takes control. I never know what he's going to do next, or tell me what to do next and the anticipation makes me so wet.

As we were walking to the car, millions of pos-

sibilities ran through my mind but I was not prepared for his next comment. We were parked in a parking garage on the first level. From the car you could see the entrance to the parking garage, office building windows and the street. He looked at me, bit his lip, and tore off my skirt. He pushed me down to my knees and I began to suck his hard cock. I have come to love sucking my husband's dick. It's sensing his body react, feeling his cock push harder and harder against the back of my throat that makes it an experience I like.

He loves to fuck my mouth and he did it then. And for a minute I was afraid my delicious dinner would come back up, but it didn't. Suddenly he picked me up and bent me over with my hands on the car. When he bent me over, I had no choice but I wouldn't have had it any other way. I love it when he fucks me from the back, because I can feel his cock all the way up to my stomach.

THE IDEA OF SOMEONE SEEING US TURNED ME ON EVEN MORE.

My naked ass was in the air and he was pounding into me. We heard a loud engine noise approaching but neither of us wanted to stop. In fact, the idea of someone seeing us with me bent over by my gorgeous husband turned me on even more.

I started to moan. He was screwing me so nice that I came all over him right as a car went by. My husband started to fuck me even harder, pinching my nipples. This went on for a few more minutes, and as I felt another orgasm building with in me. I couldn't







hold it off anymore.

I wanted him to let me cum again. We timed it perfectly as I felt my body explode in waves of pleasure. I felt his hot cum shoot into me, relieving the tension even further. My orgasm lasted for a couple minutes. I was so spent by the end of it that he had to pick me up and put me into the car seat.

When we got back to where we were staying, he made me strip in the elevator and finger myself. By this time, my clit was so hard and swollen from rubbing it that it almost hurt to play with it – but that kind of pain makes me so wet; to the point where it runs down my leg in long thin streams.

The whole time he's pulled his cock out and is rubbing it with one hand and taking a video of me with his cell phone in the other. He said he was ready to cum and I quickly fell to my knees and took it all in my mouth and swallowed. I stood back up, pulled my skirt back up, and went back to flicking my clit as I licked up the rest of his cum off my chin.

Suddenly, the elevator stopped on the tenth floor and a young well-dressed couple walked into the elevator while I was still rubbing myself, but I didn't stop. They watched intently as my fingers disappeared into my pussy and made a sexy sloshing noise that turned everybody on.

Stan didn't even have to tell me to keep going, and they surely didn't mind watching. When we reached our floor, I exited the elevator and pulled my skirt all the way off and ran down the hallway to our room with my ass bouncing. Stan was right behind me!

- Holly H., Lincoln, NE

SO NEIGHBORLY

Me and my neighbor grew up together. After college, she got married and a couple years later came back to the neighborhood house with her husband and they settled in and made it their own. She seemed happily married but her husband was always at work and when he got home he ignored her and she finally kicked him out of the house.

Anyway, I noticed that she would always kiss me on the cheek when I would say 'Hi.' And I also noticed her nice round bubble butt and her big tits like melons. One time I saw her getting home with groceries and I offered to help her. She was so thankful. She was wearing work out pants and a really tight white T-shirt.

So she offered me water and I said "Yes, please." She comes and sits next to me and hands me the water and puts her hand on my crotch. I didn't

know what to say, only that I wanted her. She stood up and took her clothes off and said "Fuck me everywhere in this house," so we started in the living room she gave me head like no other. Sucked on it like a ice cream cone. She deep throated me and chuckled and left my dick covered in saliva. Then we went to the shower and did her there.

Then to her room, both of us naked where she sucked my nuts then my dick. I fingered her and let her ride me. I kissed her on the neck and breasts while she rode my dick, her ass bouncing, her screaming. Then I fucked her doggie and she cried out for more. I kept pounding it, but she wanted even more, so I banged harder and faster. We became a bit sweaty but we both got more turned on, so we 69'd and ate each other out.

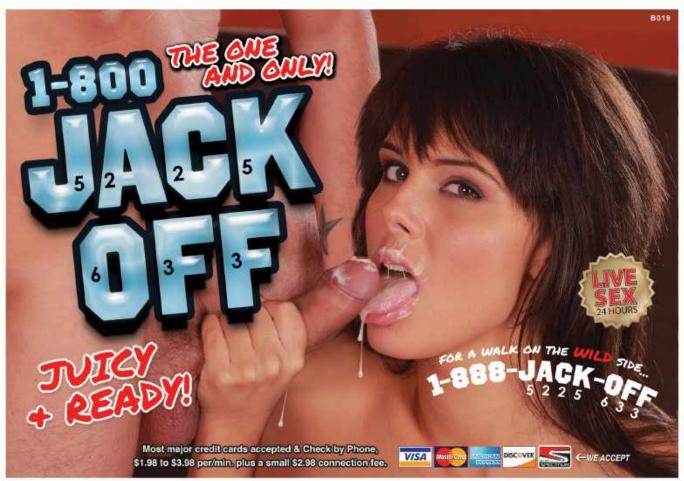
She sucked me up good and I cum in her mouth while she



sucked. It felt like she sucked all the energy out of me. Up to this day we fuck drunk and she likes my cock so much that I visit her and she's always ready to give me head. We are still neighbors, both re-married, but we still find time to screw each other.

- Tracy G., St. Paul, MN

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Nobody has block parties anymore. Which means the chance of meeting strange, handsome men has gone down drastically. Thankfully, when I get the chance I like to throw a private after party of my own. With two big hard cocks as my guests today, I'd be remiss if I didn't do everything I could to make 'em very happy.















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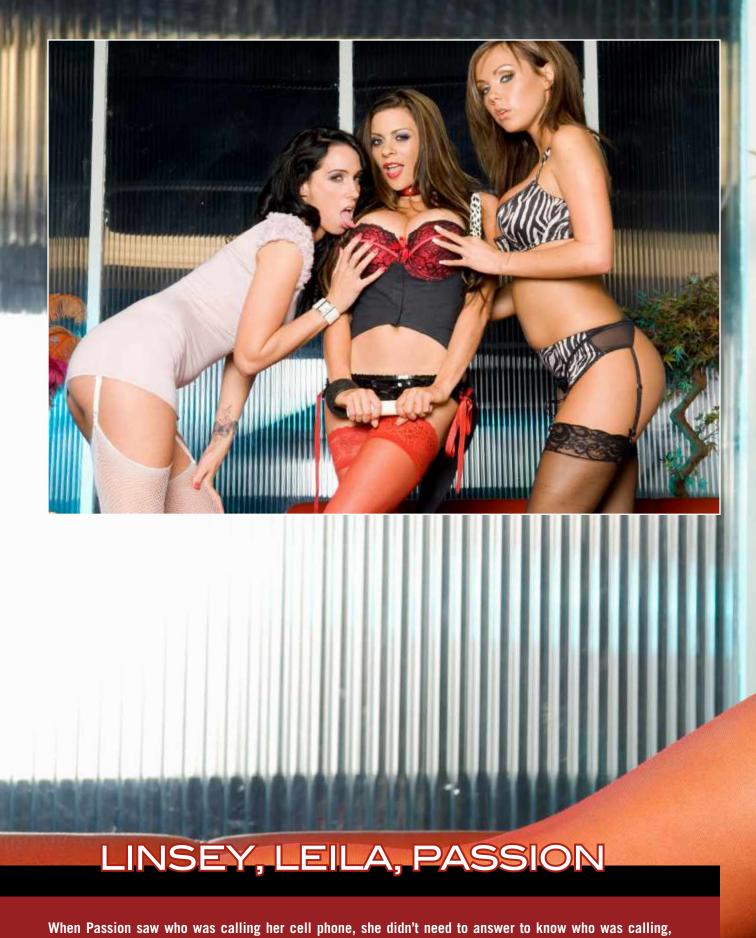












When Passion saw who was calling her cell phone, she didn't need to answer to know who was calling, where to go, and what to wear. Then she saw Leila and Linsey and the tension in the air was palpable. As they sipped their wine they couldn't help but giggle at what was to come. When they started showing off their lingerie, the room was filled with loud ooh's and ahh's; and when they started fucking, there were only moans.























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